

Good 642 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Home Town Topics

DO you know who was the first lower-deck V.C. of this war?

Southampton is proud to claim him as one of her sons. He was Acting Leading Seaman Jack Mantle, aged 23, who won the coveted Cross on July 4, 1940, during an enemy air attack on Portland Harbour.

L-S. Mantle was in charge of the starboard pom-pom in H.M.S. Foylebank. The first of four bombs which hit the ship shattered his left leg. He was later wounded again in many places, but he continued to serve his gun until the end of the fight and died beside it.

Some time ago a suggestion was made that Southampton should add Jack Mantle's name to the list of Honorary Freemen of the Borough.

The suggestion was referred to a special sub-committee of the Borough Council, which have now reported that, while appreciating the fact that had L-S. Mantle lived he would undoubtedly have been admitted an Honorary Freeman of his native town, they are doubtful whether the honour, being a statutory one, can be conferred posthumously.

Consequently the sub-committee will recommend, at a later date, some suitable way of permanently recording his supreme gallantry.

BELLS.

IT was a campanological occasion at Bishopstoke (Hants) Parish Church the other day when Petty-Officer Ernest Salmon, R.N., of Hereford, and Miss Joan Wheeler, of Bishopstoke, were wed. (Note: For the benefit of puzzled submariners, campanology is the art of bell-ringing!)

Bride and groom are both accomplished bell-ringers, the former at the parish church at Bishopstoke, and the latter at Hereford Cathedral. So, too, are the bride's father, who gave her away, the bridesmaid, and the best man.

On leaving the church the bridal pair passed under an arch of bell-ropes and handbells, and Master Peter Whitford, son of a ringer, presented the bride with a silver bell for good luck.

Ringers from Southampton, Winchester, North Stoneham and Bishopstoke rang wedding peals on the church bells.

FIVE BELLS.

WHILE on the subject of bells, let me introduce you to Master-at-Arms James William Charles Bell, of Manor Farm-road, Bitterne Park, Southampton, and his four sons—five Bells, in fact—all of whom are serving in the Royal Navy.

Master-at-Arms Bell, who is 49 and has 28 years' service in the R.N. to his credit, has been awarded the B.E.M. for "zeal and wholehearted devotion to duty."

Retiring from the Navy on pension in 1936, he became a postman at Southampton, but returned to the Service on the outbreak of war.

After serving in many theatres of war, he now has a shore job at a naval establishment at Glasgow.

Two of his sons, Jocelyn and Alfred, are P.O.s, and the others, James and Reginald, are A.B.s.

The naval tradition is strongly implanted in the Bell family, which may be said to embody the expression "Sound as a bell."

CENTRAL figure of this story

of the unexpected reunion of a father and a son after five years of separation is George Goss, now a lieut-commander in the Royal Indian Navy Volunteer Reserve, whom Soccer fans will remember as manager and secretary of Southampton Football Club from 1921 to 1938.

Lieut.-Commander Goss, whose home is in New-road, Blackfield, is at present Naval Officer-in-Charge at Kyaukpyu, scene of the first Allied landing on Ramree Island, off the Arakan Coast, which was captured from the Japs.

Lieut.-Commander Goss sent a signal for extra help and, in response, a naval party was sent to the island.

One of the new arrivals was a young leading seaman who, on learning the name of his new commanding officer, asked to see him.

Lieut.-Commander Goss was having an afternoon siesta in his tent when he was awakened by a pat on his shoulder, and a voice he had not heard for five years greeted him with a bright "Hello, dad!"

The young leading seaman was his son John, to whom he had said good-bye in England—7,000 miles away—in March, 1940, when John was a boy seaman.

That's the way things happen in the Navy.

The Immortal Steve

STEVE DONOGHUE, as you great. He was the great jockey must know, was a prime in the days of our fathers, and, favourite with the sporting pals if all I have heard concerning of the Jolly Roger, and him was correct, he was not always in popular favour, but, death at the comparatively of course, that goes for many great public figures.

THE READY SMILE.

"No," said the Guv'nor, "I don't think Archer reached the heights of popular fame achieved by our great little Steve of the ready smile and warm heart. Donoghue just radiated him, I had to remark on his good fellowship and was as all-round fitness. He was, to willing to talk to the humble old jolly self and full of energy as he was the most prominent owner.

"Poor Fred Archer rarely smiled and was seldom happy. For all his success on the Turf, his life was a tragedy and his end tragic. He never lived to enjoy retirement from the saddle. No. They were two distinct types.

"Archer was so big that he had to 'waste' more than any jockey I can name. That has been the unfortunate experience of so many brilliant jockeys; to live in a world of plenty, with money to spare to buy the most lavish meals, and yet be forced to exist at starvation level in order to be able to ride at a weight never meant by nature.

"That was where Donoghue was fortunate. He was naturally small and did not have to starve himself to keep to his best riding weight. There you have, in part, the explanation of his frolicsome nature. He was always ready for good fun and enjoyed life to the full. But 'Our Steve' was a naturally good fellow and his heart was as big as himself."

THE SAMARITAN.

"You are right," put in Paddy, "I could give you many instances of his generosity. Let anyone merely suggest that he was having a bad time and at once Steve would offer to tide him over, even if he scarcely knew the man. Of course, you can bet he was taken in a few times, more than a few, but it doubt if his popularity was as made no difference.



Smile that won hearts.

W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER

as rather extraordinary that Steve's horsemanship was not inherited?"

"I don't see anything extraordinary about it," said Paddy. "The name Donoghue is as Irish as a sprig of shamrock."

"Yes," interposed Bernard, "but this particular sprig of shamrock was pure English clover, real Lancashire."

"Oh, but his ancestors were Irish," insisted Paddy, "and you never knew an Irishman that wasn't a horseman."

"Have it your own way," said Bernard, "but I can tell you that Steve was proud of his Lancashire birthplace, and that is why his son had him buried in his native Warrington."

"Whether his horsemanship was inherited or not," said the Guv'nor, "the fact remains that Steve was an artist. I suppose one can use the word 'artist' in this connection. He owed his great success to his thoroughness. If genius means an infinite capacity for taking pains, then Steve was a genius."

BORN WITH HANDS.

"He could get that little bit extra out of a horse which meant all the difference between winning and being tailed off. He had hands in the horse-

"I remember one period," said Paddy, "when he was in financial difficulties through helping out a friend by backing a bill of £10,000. A similar misfortune happened to a mutual friend of ours, and a great friend of Steve's; it was Jack Fallon, who trained for James White when Donoghue was riding for the stable. Steve knew that Fallon reduced himself to poverty by guaranteeing a bill for a very large sum of money to help out a so-called friend, and he had to pay and ruined himself financially."

"That ought to have been a lesson to Steve, but, as you suggest, he simply couldn't say 'No' when any appeal was made to his generosity. Ask the countless clergymen who always called on Steve for their Donkey Derbies when organising charity fetes. Even if he happened to be riding at the far end of the country he would use an aeroplane to get to the charity show. He was never known to refuse."

"Death took him to prevent him from fulfilling his last promise to help at a charity show. He was to have gone with his bosom pal, Freddie Fox, to Swindon to play against Jimmy Wilde and Len Harvey in a game of snooker in aid of the Red Cross."

CHIP OFF THE BLOCK.

"He had helped to raise a lot of money for the Red Cross," said the Guv'nor, "both in the last war and in this. It was a sad blow to him when he lost his son, Steve, who was serving in the R.A.F. when he was killed in a plane crash in 1941. His other son, Pat, who has proved himself a good trainer at Pony racing, is also in the Royal Air Force, and will eventually take over his father's stable at Blewbury."

"Pat has certainly inherited his father's great love of horses. I used to see him frequently at the fine new establishment he had at Ashtead, and his horses—or ponies, if you prefer it—were always turned out to perfection. He had all the makings of a champion jockey if he had not grown big so quickly."

"Now you mention the word 'inherited,'" said Bernard, "doesn't it strike you

USELESS EUSTACE



man's meaning of the word, and you have to be born with 'hands' in that sense. If you are not born with them you can never acquire them, and that is a pre-requisite in jockeyship."

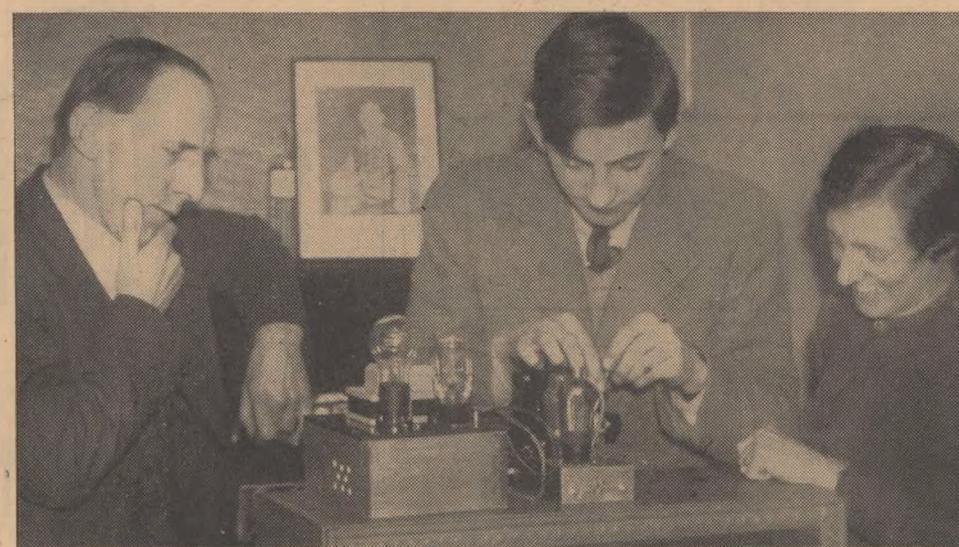
"But, apart from that, Steve taught himself and he came to understand horses more thoroughly than many who could boast unbroken generations of lives spent in training and riding racehorses."

"Behind it all was the very kindness of his nature, which made him love man's four-footed friend, the horse. He was in love with his job and he did it well. His name will live long after him on the English Turf."

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway) but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address:

"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



A.B. Kenneth Ohlsen — You Asked for it

HERE'S the photo and story you requested, A.B. Kenneth Ohlsen.

As "G.M." approached the front door of your home at 8, Sturdee Gardens, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, we heard a strange sound. At first it sounded like a thousand cats all trying to see who could make the most noise.

Your Father came to the door, and as the noise still was at its height, it was difficult for him to hear us. So he shrugged his shoulders, walked back into the house, and in a few seconds all was silent.

He explained that it was your young brother on vacation messing about with the wireless. Apparently it is his hobby.

As you will see by the photo, Father was a bit dubious as to the outcome of the experiment, and kept saying to himself, "I wonder when the darn explosion will be," but we are glad to say there was no explosion, and the wireless is still working.

Your Father has started a new treatment

for his neuritis; he has started innoculating himself, and he is feeling quite fit now.

Your request for a cauliflower for your first supper on your next leave will be O.K. Your Father is taking no chances of you missing it; he has started to grow some in the garden; also some lettuces, which no doubt is a submariner's dream.

We learnt from your Mother and Father that you are a keen stamp collector. Do you read the Sunday articles in "Good Morning"? They should keep you in touch with new issues and market trends.

Donald White, one of your pals, was on leave recently. He called at your home to see your parents. Have you been getting his letters? he asks.

Seeing that you are an admirer of the Lake District, your Mother and Father hope to spend part of your next leave there.

All at home send their love, including electrical-minded Geoffrey.

This is Tin Pan Alley

**MARTIN THORNHILL
Takes You Down It**

MORE romance even than small newsagent, and it was an magnitude lies hid among awful business finding the ad- the thousands of miles of dresses in the dark." If musical connections start weighted shelves of the music in childhood, they are usually shops in London's Tin Pan Alley. To-day's big music publishers were yesterday's street fiddlers, nigger minstrels, church organists, market stall-holders, music packers, first song pluggers, pirate raiders.

Some fought their way to prosperity along roads so rocky as to stall anyone with an ounce less determination; were chilled to the marrow demonstrating songs at the piano in the streets.

Success came to many by championing unknown songs which became tremendous hits and sold in millions. Others achieved it by divers brainwaves as sponsoring the Continental operas in England; sending men like Charles Dickens round the country to give public readings of their books; with concerts destined to become famous, like the "Proms"; or with lively dance music of the time, for there was such a thing as popular dance music eighty years ago.

The story of the firm of Lawrence Wright is the story of Horatio Nicholls, a name which has adorned the covers of so many well-known songs. Says Lawrence: "My first real job was at age, ten, delivering newspapers from 6 a.m. for a

Lawrence Wright, at the piano, tries out a new song—it looks like a winner.



sale. Then he took a shop in the town, lived above it, and did everything for himself, including the entire fitting out of the premises, cooking and housekeeping.

At the same time he gave violin lessons, but his ambition was to sell English songs, so he began by writing "Down by the Stream," disposing of 5,000 copies at a profit of 5d. each. But this was mere chicken-feed—he had heard that big songs sold one million. He determined to do it himself, and eventually did, but not yet, with "Blue Eyes," "Wyoming," and a few others.

Things were looking up a

little, so Lawrence put his sister in the shop, and added to the business some stalls in other towns. But there are drawbacks to stalls—swept away by the wind, made sodden by the snow, more music was spoiled by the weather than he sold.

Then Lawrence found that by exploiting his own music it sold just as well as that of the London publishers. He proved it by writing "Coronation March" to mark the accession of George V.

When Wright was 13 he had written a song called "Don't Go Down the Mine, Daddie," but few people

wanted it. Then came the 10,000 copies. A climax in For- Whitehaven disaster. Wright tune's shifty ways was when Campbell Connelly offered him the song, "Show Me the Way to go Home," and Wright refused it. The next week Wright read the oracle well enough to go back after the song for £1,000. Too late—it was already zooming. Eventually, says Wright, "it made nearly £100,000" for that fortunate firm.

Inevitably, provincial musical success points to Denmark St., London, and thither Lawrence Wright now went, taking a shop where again he looked after himself, interspersing housework with the packing of music parcels and the all-night writing of songs and orchestral parts.

Every day at eight he breakfasted with the taxi drivers and slept with the rats in the basement of premises behind which was a shack which housed the beginnings of Foyle's, nowadays probably the biggest booksellers in the world.

Lawrence was one of the first music publishers to see an opening for 3d. music at Woolworth's, where, says he, "sold tons of it."

But Fortune is ever fickle. In the midst of Wright's fire broke out in his London offices, and opposition houses from up and down the street salvaged his music as Wright tossed it from his windows to cheat the flames.

Everybody turned down "Yes, We Have No Bananas," but Wright persisted, and soon all those who had declined the song were either buying or selling it. Elder and Fyffe presented the firm with thousands of bananas as a thank-offering.

Then a currant firm from Greece gave Wright £500 for a song to feature their own products.

When he published "Omaha," the Mayor of Omaha bought

You have to take the bumps with the boosts in the publishing business. Wright says he sacked Douglas Wakefield when he was earning £3 10s. a week; now Wakefield's weekly salary is about £300. It just shows you how careful you have to be—the small man of to-day might be the great man of tomorrow.

Lawrence Wright will probably never forget the occasion when he telephoned Harry Parr-Davis and heard his maid-servant shout, "Mr. Parr-Davis, a man called Lawrence Wright wants to speak to you." For the maid was—Gracie Fields.

Yes, L. W. has had an eventful life. People have called him the Edgar Wallace of song-writers. Once he conducted an orchestra in Hyde Park to an audience of 10,000. A telephone call cost him £110—he was phoning a song from New York to London.

Leslie Holmes, of the Two Leslies, played drums in his first jazz band at a weekly salary of £5. One fatal day, Leslie Sarony, whom Wright had signed up for two years, wrote "Rhymes"—they sold over a million records of it.

(Further stories of the men who made good in Tin Pan Alley will appear on this page in No. 643.)

I get around
RON RICHARDS'
COLUMN

I GOT around to a lot of places and met a lot of people in the past two years. I hope sincerely that the record of my observations has been of interest to you.

This column, which is the oldest feature in "Good Morning," has appeared several hundred times, and I hope, if the war has to last much longer, that it will appear many more times, but with the signature of Derek Hebberton.

Derek was my assistant in the dim past, before "Good Morning" was born. Eventually, he took over my responsibilities and made a name for himself in another sphere of journalism. I am sure that now he has joined this paper he will do more than make the grade.

Were I not confident I would hesitate before passing on this space to him. As it is, I vacate the chair, and hand over the old bike, quite assured that you will be good friends. And so, if there is any place that you would like him to get round to, just drop him a line. He is free to travel any place any time, so it's up to you to keep him peddling.

MY shadow is also going to talk shop each week. He hasn't yet visited a depot ship, and has met only a few submariners, but he will get around, and I'm sure you will enjoy sipping pints with him. All I ask is that you write to him as you have written to me, and that you consider his youth at sippers sessions.

BY this time you will probably be thinking that you have gotten rid of me. Oh no! I was here when the paper started, and I hope to be in on the farewell party. I've kept quite busy in one way and another this last couple of years. Writing letters, moving around to depot ships and calling around to tell your folk at home that I'd had a letter from you. But now I have another job to do. I think it is a bigger and better job. I hope you will agree.

I am going to try to get you all a job apiece in civvy street.

Your job, like mine, ends when the yellow men have been defeated, so as I am nearer home than you, it's only fair that I should case the lay for you.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 581

1. Behead a situation and get a fastener.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?

Sucout yervé now sha sit trynouc.

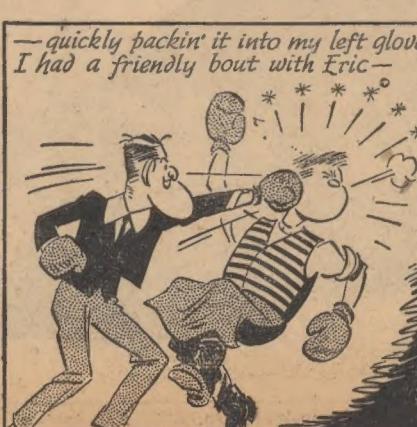
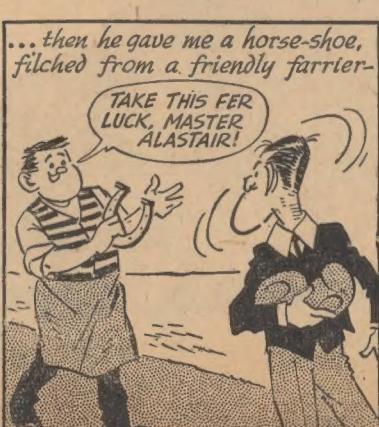
3. What girl's name has GA for its exact middle?

4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order:

He turned very — as he prepared to — the chasm.

Answers to Wangling**Words—No. 580**

1. S-hut.
2. What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.
3. WinFred.
4. Tops, pots.

JANE**RUGGLES****GARTH****JUST JAKE**

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	—		11	12				
13				14			15	
16			17	18	19			
20		21	22	23				
24			25	26		27		
28		29						
30	31	32	33		34	35		
36		37		38				
39			40					
41				42				

COWL	FIBRES
HARICOT	ONE
AKIN	ASSURE
TEAM	HEAP
SUE	BYRE
ENROL	ADDER
CPEAR	ADO
PICA	GERM
EVOLVE	EASE
RIM	INTEGER
LACET	LET

Signatures for Sale

By Maurice Bensley

Kipling's signature for less sum. Perhaps that is because than £3, yet that of Abraham the murderer left so few signatures. Lincoln is worth only £1, and tures behind him. The signed name of the man Autograph hunting is quite who shot him commands the an old hobby. Perhaps you'd fancy figure of seven times that like a go at it?

QUIZ for today

5. Who invented the block (or pulley) system of hoisting weights, and about when?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Answers to Quiz**in No. 641**

1. Staff of authority.

2. Four.

3. "Koomz-berry;" "Offer-tree."

4. Flogging.

5. Anaxagoras, 500 B.C.

6. Wheel-barrow has only one wheel; others all have more.

The Things People Do

THERE are thousands of people who don't like being in khaki—but Private Albert van der Scheuren, of Texas, just can't stand it.

When he was sent to camp, after joining up, the doctors found out that he broke out into spots every time he put on his soldier suit.

Well, it was no use risking his getting rash in the face of the enemy, so, murmuring their congratulations on his good luck, they gave him an honourable discharge.

* * *

LONG-TERM residents at a Harrogate hotel were used to hearing the strains of a violin coming from one of the upper rooms. Nearly every day they listened to the delightful harmonies, and when new guests asked who it was playing, they told them "Oh, that's Mrs. Staplyton."

Throughout her life Mrs. Ethel Staplyton studied and played the violin. She was as clever as many professionals, but she never played in public—she was too shy. The hotel manager who acted as her accompanist at her daily "concert" was her only true audience.

She died last year. But in her will she did not forget the treasured violin, a rare and valuable instrument, which had been the means of providing her with such pleasure. She directed that it should be given to whoever was the leader of the London Philharmonic.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.—1. Diplomacy. 5. Tacky. 10. Skilful. 12. Exist. 13. Opportunity. 14. Scruff. 16. Solution. 17. Tree. 19. By way of. 20. Plunder. 22. Unconvincing. 24. Kind. 26. Dull. 28. Won. 30. In ship's stern. 33. Caller. 36. Sour herb. 38. Mud. 39. Entreat. 40. Toil along. 41. Vegetables. 42. Submissive.

CLUES DOWN.—1. Nail. 2. Stick. 3. Chalk stick. 4. Weight. 5. Metal. 6. Scot. 7. Coward. 8. Peaked headgear. 11. Cold. 15. Simple. 18. Fords on foot. 21. Except. 23. Least. 24. Grabs. 25. Be economical. 27. Boy's name. 29. Tartan wear. 31. Because. 32. Vehicle. 34. Sea fall. 35. Smoke. 37. Cereal.

Good Morning



Peeping over the top of the pub is a yost house, where they used to dry the hops, when they used to put hops into beer. Which should tell every student in the class that this particular pub is in the county of Kent. In fact, and in order to end this awful suspense, it's the Bell Inn, at Beltring.



"Tunney? He's the guy that could run backwards faster than any man then living. Dempsey? He just thought he was tough. Battling Siki? He made a chopping-block of Cartentier, I know — but he's just a Chocolate Soldier from the U.S.A. to me!"



"When the lights go up again in Darkest Africa, this belle will go to the ball wearing her beaded head-dress and cart-wheel ear-rings." So wrote our wandering cameraman. He also added: "With her white dress against the black skin, the ensemble looked very striking." Well, that's a new name for it — ensemble!



"Mr. Bevin says there will be jobs for all after this war. Mr. Bevin says he's going to give this country a policy of full employment."

"Mr. Bevin knows what he can do with his policy. Just exactly what we told the man from the Prudential to do with his."



We could call her Mary and make a joke about her little lamb. But that would be too easy. We could say that she's the old-fashioned type and believes in having wool next to the skin. But that would be untrue. We could—but we're feeling tired, and, if you want a caption to this picture, you can write it yourself!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Three cheers for Bevin! Hip! Hip! Hippo!"

